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Poetry.

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

BY HAYWARD TAYLOR.

I.
And crippled veteran to the War De-
partment came;
The Chief who led him on many a field
of fame—
The Chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er
his banner rose,
The Chief who led him on many a field
of fame.

II.
"You forgotten, General," the battered sol-
dier cried,
"Days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I
was at your side?
You forgotten Johnson, that fought at Lun-
dy's Lane?
You I'm old and pensioned, but I want to
fight again."

III.
"I forgotten?" said the Chief: "my brave
old soldier, No!
Here's the hand I gave you then, and let it
tell you so;
You have done your share, my friend, you're
crippled, old and gray,
You have need of younger arms and fresher
blood to day."

IV.
"General," cried the veteran, a flush upon
his brow,
"Every man who fought with us, they say,
are traitors now;
You turn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old
red, white and blue,
While a drop of blood is left, I'll show that
drop is true."

V.
"Not so weak but I can strike, and I've got
a good old gun,
The range of traitors' hearts and prick them
one by one;
Some rifles and such arms it ain't worth
while to try;
Ain't get the hang of 'em, but I'll keep my
powder dry."

VI.
"Bless you, comrade!" said the Chief—
"God bless your loyal heart!
Younger men are in the field, and claim to
have their part;
I'll plant our sacred banner in each rebellious
town,
Now, henceforth, to any hand that dares to
pull it down!"

VII.
"General!"—still persisting, the weeping
veteran cried;
"Young enough to follow, so long as you're
my guide;
Some, you know, must bite the dust, and
that, at least, can I;
Give the young ones place to fight, but me a
place to die!"

VIII.
"They should fire on Pickens, let the Colonel
in command,
Line upon the rampart, with the flag staff in
my hand;
Shells how fly the cannon smoke, or how the
shells may hot,
Hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them
till I die!"

IX.
"Ready, General, so you let a post to me be
given,
Here Washington can see me, as he looks from
highest heaven,
I'll say to Putnam at his side, or may be, General
Wayne:
Here stands old Billy Johnston, who fought at
Lundy's Lane!"

X.
And when the fight is hottest, before the traitor,
fly,
The shell and ball are screaming, and bursting
in the sky,
My shot should hit me, and lay me on my face,
I would would go to Washington's and not to
Arnold's place.

Useful Hints.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—Drop some quicklime on
a mouth of their nest, and wash it in with
water; or dissolve some camphor in spir-
it of wine, then mix with water, and pour into
the haunts; or tobacco water, which has been
made effectual. They are averse to strong scents.
Lime will prevent their infesting a cupboard.
Sponge saturated with creosote. To prevent
them climbing up trees, place a ring of tar about
the trunk, or a circle of rag moistened occasion-
ally with creosote.

REMEDY OF CEREAL.—This is prepared by soak-
ing for a fortnight a half ounce of the seeds of cel-
ery in a quart-pint of brandy. A few drops
of flavor a pint of soup or broth, which is a
good remedy.

MUST VINEGAR.—Put in a wide-mouthed bot-
tle, fresh clean mint leaves enough to fill it
completely; then fill up the bottle with good vine-
gar; and after it has been stopped close for two
or three weeks, it is to be poured off clear into
another bottle, and kept well corked for use.—
It is with lamb when mint cannot be obtained.

TO PREVENT GALLING IN INVALIDS.—The white
of an egg, beaten to a strong froth, then drop in
a little oil, whilst you are beating, two teaspoon-
fuls of spirits of wine, put it into a bottle, and ap-
ply occasionally with a feather.

EXCELLENT HAIR WASH.—Take one ounce of
sage, half an ounce of camphor; powder these
ingredients fine, and dissolve them in one quart
of boiling water; when cool, the solution will be
ready for use; damp the hair frequently. This
wash effectually cleanses, beautifies, and strength-
ens the hair, preserves the color, and prevents
its baldness. The camphor will form into lumps
after being dissolved, but the water will be
sufficiently impregnated.

APPLE WATER.—A tart apple well baked and
mashed; on which pour a pint of boiling water;
strain up, cool and strain. Add sugar if desired.
This is a very cooling drink for sick persons.

ANCHOVY TOAST is made by spreading anchovy
upon bread either toasted or fried.

Selected Tale.

MARRIED FOR A DINNER.

The down train from London had just
entered the Great Cokerhampton station;
the hour was 9.50 A. M., the time a lovely
June morning, a couple of years since.—
At Cokerhampton, the railway traveller is
allowed to leave his carriage for a few min-
utes, in order to snatch a hasty cup of cof-
fee or a basin of soup; but it being, as ev-
ery one knows, the custom at Cokerhampton
to keep both these stimulants at a boiling
point, the repast is usually performed under
considerable difficulties. Among the rest
of those whose steps were directed by ap-
petite toward the refreshment saloon was
a straight, long-limbed, handsome fellow,
with a brown shooting jacket, brown mous-
tache, and a wide-awake that had seen ser-
vice. This was my friend Raffaele Smith,
of Clipsestone Street, London, landscape
painter, journeying in the search of back-
grounds, foregrounds, and other bits of na-
ture, as he termed them, for his next year's
pictures. As this may be a little too tech-
nical for the general reader, we may more
clearly express what we mean by stating that,
according to annual custom, the young
artist was going to the Western country to
sketch from nature.

Now, it happened on this particular oc-
casion, that although Raffaele Smith had
been out of his bed since dawn, he had spent
so much time in packing his easel, canvases,
colors, and other baggage of his artistic
campaign, that it came to be a question
whether he should breakfast and lose the train,
or catch the train and lose his break-
fast. Breakfast, as the least important,
was sacrificed. Accordingly my friend
found himself at Cokerhampton, some sixty
miles from London, with a most acute sense
of emptiness of stomach, just as the rail-
way guard was calling out, "Train starts in
ten minutes, gentlemen!"

To a man in my friend's unbreakfasted
condition, such an intimation could not
have the effect of checking the ardor with
which a traveller usually seeks the Coker-
hampton, and the exigencies of the railway
time-table, gave promptness to Raffaele
Smith's movements, and caused that young
luminary of art to be among the first of
those who sought refreshment at Cokerhampton's
refreshment counters. Accordingly,
the pressing injunction of the guard had
scarcely been uttered, when my friend found
himself at the most plentifully garnished
portion of the table. The Cokerhampton
waitresses are no less neat handed than nat-
ty, and Raffaele Smith's appetite would,
doubtless, have been quickly appeased, had
not the following question interrupted his
prefatory order for "Soup?"

"Is there a gen'l'man here called Smith?"

The artist scrutinized the faces of his
fellow travellers, in order to ascertain
whether the question were addressed to
any of them; and, as no one replied, he him-
self went up to the servant.

"It appears that I am the only Mr. Smith
here; do you want me?"

"I want a Mr. Smith who has arrived
by the train from London."

"H'm! but I am unknown to a single in-
habitant in this town."

"I know that, sir," answered the groom,
readily. "That is the reason why I am
sent to you, sir."

"The reason why you are sent to me?"
repeated Smith in great astonishment.—
"By whom?"

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to fol-
low me," continued the mysterious groom.
I am ordered to speak to Mr. Smith in pri-
vate."

A sudden misgiving took possession of
Raffaele Smith. "Come, gentleman," he
said, addressing his fellow travellers, "is
it a practical joke? If any gentleman present
is the author of this piece of mystifica-
tion, I charge him, in the name of the stom-
ach, the most worthy object of compassion
in the world, to atone it at once, and allow
me to utilize, without interruption, the few
minutes that yet remain!"

In answer to this novel summons, every
one protested complete ignorance of what
was passing. Smith was resolved to pluck
out the heart of this mystery. Curiosity
imposed upon the stomach a delay of sev-
eral minutes, and the artist followed the
groom out of the refreshment room. He,
however, informed his travelling compan-
ions that he would return in the course of
a few seconds with the solution of this en-
igma. The groom who had heard the lat-
ter remark, put on a broad grin, and when
they were in the street said—

"Beg pardon, sir, but wasn't you having
a laugh at them guests? They'll be pre-
cisely mistaken if they think you are going
back to lunch there!"

"I tell you what, young man," replied
Smith, irritated by the manner of the
groom, "mark me, if you don't explain ev-
erything at once—if you have had the mis-
fortune to be charged with a practical joke
at my expense—I shall not leave you with-
out a sound thrashing!" (the groom bowed
respectfully) "for causing me to lose my
lunch and miss my train."

"Ah, sir, I see you're a gent as wishes to
have his jokes," replied the imperious

groom. "Now, sir, don't you know very
well that you will not leave Cokerhampton
to-day? As for the lunch, I don't think
you will mind that, when you see the mag-
nificent spread getting ready for you up at
the villa."

The last phrase, though not more com-
prehensible than the other portion of the
groom's conversation, somewhat calmed
the artist's ire.

"Then I am expected to dine by your
master?"

"You'll be good enough to speak about
dinner with my mistress," answered the
messenger.

"A lady, a good dinner, and a mystery!"
"Well," cried Raffaele, flinging off the
dust from his boots with his handkerchief,
"all that is not very alarming. The ad-
venture is taking a rather interesting turn.
Once more," he added, speaking to the do-
mestic, "are you quite certain that it is to
me, Raffaele Smith, Clipsestone Street, Lon-
don, landscape painter, that your mistress
has sent this cordial invitation?"

"You're the very gent, sir," answered
the groom, readily, "and here's the note
she sent to you."

Raffaele hastily snatched a little note
which the groom held towards him. The
address was plain enough, "Mr. Smith,"
although the writing was completely un-
known to the artist. He tore open the
envelope, impatient to see what signature
was at the end of the epistle; but, to
crown the mystery, the note was anon-
ymous, and contained only these words:

"Mr. Smith is awaited with the greatest
anxiety, and he is begged instantly to fol-
low the bearer of this note. Every reli-
ance is placed on his alacrity and discre-
tion."

Now, this was an adventure that com-
menced in too charming a fashion not to
be followed up. Raffaele at once forgot
the refreshment counter at Cokerhampton,
and the next train. He boldly com-
manded the groom to "Go on!"

"It is not two minutes' walk," answered
the servant, leading the way.

"All the better," thought the artist, "for
I am literally dying with hunger and
curiosity."

But, on suddenly turning a corner out
of High Street, Raffaele saw an elegant
brougham, into which the groom invited him
to enter. The artist took his seat there-
in, and the driver instantly whipped
his horses into a fast pace. Raffaele had
learned nothing from his interrogation of the
groom. He threw himself back on the seat,
and resigned himself to await the de-
nouement of this travelling adventure.—

"Ah, ha," he said to himself, as the car-
riage dashed along the road, "the whole
thing resembles an incident in a play, and
I am this moment performing the part of
a fashionable lover flying to a secret re-
 rendezvous with his lady love. At any rate
it will be a good story to tell my friends
in a ludicrous fashion."

"One thing is certain," he continued,
"which is that I don't know a single in-
dividual in Cokerhampton. Can any of my
friends have come down here without my
knowledge? No; that hypothesis will not
stand, for I left London without telling a
single soul where I was going. None of
my chums know where I am, and I only
intended to bid them good-bye by letter,
after I had put fifty miles of railroad be-
tween us."

The horses still maintained their fast
pace, and Raffaele threw himself back in
the carriage, giving free rein to his imagi-
nation. "I have it," he cried suddenly,
slapping his knee, "I have found the key
of the enigma; 'I will guard that this is the
work of Thompson or Megilp. I don't
know which, but I have a dim recollection
of one of them telling me he had an uncle
living in the neighborhood of Cokerhampton.' That's it. Either Thompson or
Megilp is rusticated down here—has seen
me get out at the railway station—and
(sublime idea) has sent me an improvised
invitation. A clever and discreet groom—
a mysterious note—I am carried off—I
alight at the avuncular door—delightful
surprise—introduction—good dinner—cap-
ital little party—choice wine—lights—
conversation. Ah! a good joke!"

Raffaele had no sooner brought his so-
liloquy to this satisfactory termination,
than he thrust his head out of the window.
He was resolved to put his idea at once
upon an authentic basis, by extracting a
few confirmatory replies from the groom.

"H, coachman! just pull up a moment.
Young man," he continued, addressing the
groom, "I want you to answer me a ques-
tion."

"Your master's name is Thompson?" in-
quired Raffaele.

The groom touched his hat. "No, sir."
"Then you are in the service of Mr. Megilp?"

"Don't know no person of that name,
sir," replied the laconic groom.

Raffaele fell back in his seat, thorough-
ly routed. In an instant the active groom
had resumed his place beside the driver,
and the vehicle was whirling rapidly along
the road. Raffaele pulled his hat over his
eyes, crossed his arms, and felt like a gen-
eral whose elite corps, sent forward to turn
the tide of battle, had just been repulsed
—annihilated. At the end of ten minutes
the brougham stopped before a little gate,
which was immediately opened. The ar-
tist descended, and mechanically followed a
servant, who led him across a garden.
After proceeding along a primly kept gravel-
walk, he reached the back entrance of a
country mansion.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the domestic,
"but mistress thought you would not mind
coming into the house through the kitchen,
as you might not like to be seen by the
company till you had changed your dress."

"Don't mention it," replied Raffaele,
casting a glance at the great fire, the spit
and the bright stepstools. They crossed
the kitchen, and the servant, opening the
door, led the way up the narrow staircase.

"Hush! be silent as you can, sir; we
are on the private stairs of the house lead-
ing to your apartment. Pray take care;
hold on by the rail, follow me." Raffaele
Smith dropped into a chair, once more
entangled in an inextricable maze of sup-
position.

"There is evidently some mistake here.
It is quite clear that I am taken for some
one else. When the lady of the house
discovers that I am a total stranger—well,
I shall be politely shown to the door, and
the laughter of the company—that's all.
Come, the affair is now taking a tragic
turn. That splendid repast on which my
imagination dwelt, is being whisked from
under my nose, like Sancho Panza's din-
ner. But if it turns out so, my unappetized
appetite will drive me to half kill that vil-
laneous fustler who has brought me into
this scrape. Hark! I hear footsteps—
They approach! The catastrophe is now
at hand."

The servant entered, and said in a whis-
per to Raffaele—
"Here is my mistress."

At the same instant a lady entered the
apartment. She appeared about fifty years of
age. Grave, self-possessed, and perfect-
ly lady-like, her deportment reassured the
bewildered painter. The lady requested
the servant to wait outside, advanced, and
held out her hand with a smile, in which
there was just a shade of elegant and well-
bred familiarity. Raffaele responded to
this polite reception by making several
bows of an aristocratic character.

"What on earth is she going to say to
me?" thought the young painter. "The
lady appears to look upon me in the light
of a friend. I wonder what reason she
will assign for my abduction?"

"Ah, sir," began the lady, "we have
been awaiting your arrival with the great-
est anxiety. It appears that Charles has
not accompanied you, as we requested him
to do. At any rate, we have received you."

(Another smile on the part of the lady—
glancing her, in Raffaele's eyes, the most
glowing like attributes.) "I am sure you'll
agree with me when I say that this is the
essential point. How many thanks and
apologies do we not owe you?"

"Owe me, madam! I am sure—yes—
ah," replied the young painter, judging
that in such a reply there was nothing to
compromise him.

"Yes, sir. But Charles has made you
acquainted with the imperious motives
which have caused us to act in this abrupt
manner, and these strange and exceptional
circumstances will, I trust, completely
excuse us in your eyes. Only an intimate
friend of my son—a friend whom he has
known since boyhood; a gentleman in
whom we could confide as in him—such a
person only could we admit to a complicity
in our plot. The euphemism which Charles
passed upon you, in his letter of yesterday,
informing us of your immediate departure
from London, has fully satisfied us. My
dear sir, I am certain we shall never have
to regret having reposed our entire confi-
dence in you—of having confided to you
that which we hold dearest in the world; and
I beg of you to rest assured that you
will never have cause to regret having
placed implicit reliance on the honor of
Charles and of ourselves."

"I am certain of it, madam," answered
Raffaele, whose curiosity was now raised
to the highest pitch.

"But the time draws near. You are
somewhat later," continued the lady; "all
the company are assembled in the draw-
ing-room. Charles wrote to inform us that
he had arranged everything with you. I
can assure you we have neglected nothing.
Ah! I see you are in your travelling dress,
and in your haste have forgotten your ju-
rage at Cokerhampton. You will find in
the wardrobe some clothes of Charles'—
He wrote to us that you were both of the
same stature; I see that is not a little
true. However, that is not material.—
Pray attire yourself as quickly as you can.
In a quarter of an hour my brother, the
major, will come here for you. He will
introduce you to the family and to our
friends. Adieu, for the present, then, my
dear sir—I may almost say, my dear
Smith," said the lady, holding out her hand,
with another of her elegant but most in-
explicable smiles. And she went out, leav-
ing my friend in a condition bordering
upon complete stupefaction.

"Well, well," he said, when he had some-
what recovered himself, "if this is a farce,
it is not a bad one. I must admit that the
matron of the piece plays her part in the
most captivating manner. But I think I
may be allowed to call her a most puz-
zling old lady. Ah! if I only understood
a single word of this affair! If I only
knew her son who is called Charles, and
her brother, the major, who is to come to
conduct me, and to offer me—something
to eat, I hope! But I must hasten to put
on the clothes of Charles'—my most in-
imate though unknown friend! The lady
said they were in the wardrobe. Ah! this
is capital! Coat, waistcoat, cravat,
patent leathers, all here; and on the dress-
ing-table, oils, brushes, cosmetics. Charles
is evidently a swell of the most resplendent
character!"

In a very short time Raffaele Smith
was transformed into an elegant cavalier.
While he was contemplating himself with
some satisfaction in a glass, and taking in

by several holes; the hand of that article
of attire which envelops the nether ex-
tremities, with a view of silencing the mur-
murs of his stomach, an individual entered
the apartment, and Raffaele heard behind
him, in a deep bass voice—
"Well, my dear Mr. Smith, are you now
ready?"

A glance at that tall, meagre, military
form, that hooked nose, that white mous-
tache, told the painter that it was the ma-
jor. Raffaele was by no means comforta-
ble in spirit as he turned towards the old
man. The latter, however, seemed to re-
view him from head to foot with an air of
satisfaction.

"I am glad to find that Charles has not
deceived us. I must admit that you are a
smart young fellow, and not ill-suited to
the business we have before us. Your
hand, Mr. Smith. We are not strangers,
although we now see each other for the
first time. I hope you haven't forgotten the
instructions given you by Charles?"

"On that point, my dear sir," replied Raf-
faele, "you may be quite easy. I can as-
sure you that I have not forgotten one
word of what Charles has told me."

"Very good. You will recollect that my
niece's name is Emily, and that it is abso-
lutely essential, in order to save her in the
eyes of the world, and particularly in the
eyes of old cousin Lucy's friends—it is im-
perative, I repeat, in order that our
proceedings may not appear strange, un-
becomingly, and abrupt, that you should
pretend to have made the acquaintance of
my niece while she was staying with her mother
in London, a year ago. Do you under-
stand?"

"Perfectly, major, perfectly."

"Then let us go down at once."

Raffaele Smith experienced considera-
ble hesitation at this critical moment; but
the singularity of the adventure, the desire
to see the conclusion, and, it must also be
added, the devouring appetite which tor-
mented him, all united in compelling him
to follow in the major's footsteps. The
latter led the way down a vast and richly
decorated staircase, and, opening a door,
ushered him into a magnificent drawing-
room, where the bewildered painter found
himself in the presence of a brilliant and
numerous assembly. The entrance of the
major and painter produced a general sen-
sation.

"I have the honor," said the major, "to
introduce to you Mr. Smith—the future
husband of Emily Shuttleworth, my niece."

At this extraordinary announcement, Raf-
faele felt his knees giving way beneath
him—all the blood in his body seemed to
be rushing into his cheeks—he was a vic-
tim to vertigo—he was fairly stunned—and
if the major had not supported him, he
would certainly have fallen backwards.

"Be cool," whispered the major, "be self-
possessed. Smith! Master your emotion!"

To recover himself cost the young artist
the greatest effort he had ever made in his
life. The major conducted him towards the
lady whom he had already seen, and
who was introduced to him as the mother
of Emily. In a very short time Raffaele
found himself surrounded by the relatives
and friends of the young lady, whom he
had no more idea of marrying, than ally-
ing himself matrimonially with a widow of
the Choctaw Indians. Raffaele felt him-
self somewhat of a culprit, as he stood
there receiving congratulations, and over-
loaded with marks of respect and friend-
ship from the well-bred people congregated
in a house wherein he had no better
claim to be present than a burglar. In an
excess of embarrassment, Raffaele turned
in search of his military guide. He was
resolved to put an end to an affair which
was rapidly becoming too serious, and too
alarming for any man of delicacy to pro-
long by his silence. The major, taking
him aside into a recess of one of the spa-
cious windows, cut short the first efforts
of the artist to carry out his honorable in-
tention.

"Tut, tut!" said he, with true military
placidity; "not a word, my dear Smith,
I repeat your arrival makes me the hap-
piest man alive!"

"But, my dear sir—your niece—"

"My niece thinks as I do, sir, and as
her mother thinks. Mr. Smith, just im-
agine what we felt when we heard that a
train had been run into only a few miles
from Cokerhampton—several carriages
smashed, sir—and, had you been in that
train, my niece would have lost a fortune
of fifty thousand pounds!"

The perplexed Raffaele could only re-
peat the numerals in reply.

"Yes, my dear Smith," continued the
major—fifty thousand pounds, sir! For to-
morrow, the date given in my old Cousin
Lucy's will expires."

"To-morrow the date given in your old
Cousin Lucy's will expires!" was all that
Raffaele could repeat.

"To-morrow at twelve, sir! But that
stupid dog Charles should have told you
all this. But perhaps he has only very im-
perfectly explained to you my cousin's
extraordinary will."

"Very imperfectly," replied Raffaele.

"Well, I will furnish you with all the
details. You must know that my cousin
Lucy died a year since, leaving a sum of
money amounting to fifty thousand pounds.
Now that sum was left to my niece, Emily,
on the express condition, that she should
be a married woman a year and a day after
the date of the testator's death. Failing
in which all the property goes to charities.
We loved Emily too much to force her into
a hasty and distasteful union. Emily
has not reached her twenty-first year; and
she has never yet met one on whom she
could bestow her loving heart. Time
went on, and we were on the point of re-
signing the brilliant fortune which had been
left to her on such extraordinary condi-
tions, when, a few days since, her brother
Charles wrote to us, 'Emily shall be mar-
ried before the appointed time.' We at
first received this intimation as a piece of
idle pleasantry; but Charles spoke of you
with so much admiration—he drew such a
favorable picture of your disposition, your
principles—he spoke in such a touching
manner of the brotherly love which had
united you and himself since your school-
days, that my sister and myself consented
to render Emily happy. You know the

rest, my dear Mr. Smith. Charles sought
you—he offered you the hand and heart,
which you accepted, and in a few hours
you came here to become my nephew, and
the husband of our dear Emily. Yourself,
Emily, her mother, Charles, and myself,
are all to whom the secret of this im-
promptu marriage is yet known. In order
to keep up appearances, we have told every
one that you and Emily have known each
other since the time of her spending some
months in London, a year since; and that
for a length of time you have been solicit-
ing for her hand. Hence you see why my
sister and myself pretended to hail you as
an old acquaintance from the first moment
of your entering this house. That is my
story my dear nephew."

At the instant when the major had con-
cluded his speech, and when the artist
was about to avow, with exemplary frank-
ness and honesty, that he was not the real,
expected Smith, there was a great commo-
tion in the drawing room.

"Hasten, my dear friend, cried the ma-
jor, hasten to give your hand to your fu-
ture wife at the altar. The carriages are
in the door."

Raffaele reflected a moment. "If I speak
out now," he said to himself, "I bring trou-
ble, scandal, despair upon this excellent
family. I must tell the truth to the ma-
jor when we enter the carriage, feign in-
sincerity, anything to save my honor!"

The major, little suspecting what was
passing through the mind of the young
man, whose arm was in his own, conduct-
ed him to a seat in an elegant brougham,
which was drawn up with several other
vehicles before the door of the villa. Raf-
faele Smith was an honest man, and his
conscience revolted at the act he was about
to perform. He leaned forward, and
clutched the hand of the major, who sat
opposite to him, with a cold and convul-
sive grasp. He could barely stammer out
in a low voice—

"I must speak out before we proceed a
step further."

"The pallid features and trembling voice
of the young artist alarmed the old man."

"What is the matter?" he cried, "what
can you have to say at such a moment as
this?"

"Sir," said the artist, "I am not the man
whom you expected."

"The major fell back on his seat as if
struck by a cannon shot."

"You are not Mr. Smith?" he cried, in a
choking voice.

Hereupon the painter related, with loyal
frankness, the incidents which had con-
ducted him to the home of Emily's mother,
the error which had kept him there up to
the moment of his introduction to the
guests in the drawing room, and the real,
though apparently trivial, motives which
had prevented him from proclaiming the truth.

"Ah, sir," cried the major, in despair,
"what shall we do now? what step can
we take? My niece is ruined. And that
is

